

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 643.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1865.

VOL. XXV. No. 18.

The Present State of Music.

(Continued from page 130.)

(Translated for this Journal from Marx's "Music of the Nineteenth Century.")

In fact, after all, it would be well to attempt at least an estimate of the economical results of our Art, to find out what it costs in time and money, and what it gives in return. One must reckon up the lessons now required, every week two or three for from four to six years for each learner in each particular branch; also the time spent in practice—from two to four hours daily; the time devoted to encouraging the pupil to culture, compensation, entertainment, to concerts, operas, musical parties: one must observe how these hours of lessons and practice crowd themselves in between the indispensable school and working hours, how this pressing of one thing upon the heels of another allows no leisure for any inward, true conception of Art itself, not to speak of the harmonious development of the whole man. The money reckoning every one may make for himself. I need only call attention to one fact, that no teacher is so dearly paid as the music teacher, no instruction is so costly as musical instruction.

This again has had for an immediate consequence, that musical instruction, like every other lucrative trade, has drawn a host of practitioners, eagerly engaged in winning and in sending out new troops of amateurs. He who has no other calling and source of income for his son, he who knows not how to compass a dowry or a marriage for his daughters, and who thinks them "too good" to work with their hands, has them educated for music teachers. But where there is no pure, disinterested love for Art, where not the calling for Art and the teacher's office, but only the need of money and the desire of gain have given the impulse, there, in the best case, only an external assiduity and conscientiousness, not in regard to the thing itself, but to the assumed duty, can prevail; there there is practicing and learning with most restless effort, but abstractly and mechanically; there teaching goes on early and late, with further practice, till the nerves are blunted or unstrung, on what the humor and the fashion of the day brings forth. Art becomes mechanical—no fault of the victim, but the consequence of false position—and it passes mechanically into the people. Thus is formed the peculiar class of "connoisseurs" or of so-called "musicians" *par excellence*, and of the music-mad "amateurs," who run from one concert to another, *assist* if possible at two or three reunions, devour two or three symphonies, three or six quartets, two overtures to a *Fidelio* or an *Iphigenia* at once, and hear everything one after another or all in a heap—and naturally enough carry away from this hurried and confused meal nothing but the vague remarks: It "went quite well;" this one sang or played so, the other so; this composition is "very fine," or "did not speak to me," is beautifully worked—classical, grotesque, original, tasteful, or contains "reminiscences,"—and whatever else

such fertile judgment may let drop. The nobler nature of Art shows itself in this, that it slips away from impure hands and shrinks from any unclean or alien motives. The work of the laborer, the business of the merchant aims at gain and is not tainted nor demoralized thereby, although for even that there is no success in the higher sense without a genuine love of the work itself. The artist too must live by his labor, that is right and lawful. But gain, for him, must be something secondary and incidental, the accident of his life's task, not its starting-point and motive, else he is no artist, else whatever of artistic power he has in him escapes from him, else all his making and his working can be only a dead and not a life-kindling thing. And even to the receiver Art denies herself, if he be not drawn to her by a presentiment of her vital force, by a live, earnest longing to be filled by her with a new and higher spirit; if he is only tempted that way by fashion, only by imagining that it belongs to culture, only by the desire of amusement. To him she remains a fashionable toy, a sounding tedious pastime.

So we are forced to recognize, that the present time exhibits an unparalleled diffusion of music, that our life is all immersed in this play of the waves of tone, all submerged and deafened by this most importunate because the loudest of all arts, which drives the neighbors to distraction, commands silence in the midst of entertainment, and brings society to a stillstand, begs of us and grinds to us in the streets, storms us in the garden, if possible, with alternate rival troops of a double orchestra, and by over-weight and over-speed lame and weakens its own effects.

If finally you wish to know what is the principal gist and substance of this deluge of music, ask the music publishers and their catalogues what music is most purchased; compare the mass of *Solfeggios* and the years of cultivation of the voice with the fruits: a few "*sanglottante*" opera pieces accidentally brought into fashion by some prima donna, bunglingly enough imitated from the copy, and some songs of that cheap meadow growth, pleasant and characterless as blades of grass, welcome at their first appearance as the first crocuses in Spring, and as soon forgotten;—compare too the "exercises in velocity," which consume the years of these myriads of piano dilettanti and virtuosi and aspirants after virtuosity, with the sum of real works of Art which come only to the scholar's acquaintance, not to speak of artistic understanding and interpretation;—inquire how many, besides the few who reach a fair result of all their efforts and their sacrifices, after long years of assiduous learning presently desist forever from all active part in Art, or at least from all attempt to progress beyond the standpoint of the last lesson. Either—you will readily admit—some richer and higher result must be won through such far prospective exercises, or the burden and time-consumption of the preparatory exercises must be lessened and be brought into some proportion with the small result, if the oc-

cupation of oneself with music is to be anything else than a wanton waste of time, money and nervous energy, if it is to be a blessing to the human race.

(Conclusion next time.)

Beethoven's Letters.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Dr. Ludwig Nohl, Professor of History and Ästhetics, at the University of Munich, has collected and published a volume of *Beethoven's Letters*. Side by side with much that is beautiful and elevating we find in this volume a perfect anthology of *miseres* from the life of a great man, and we should end by laying down the book with a sentiment of moral sadness, if, while we were perusing it, the immortal Symphonies, Sonatas, and Quartets of the Master did not continually keep running in our head. The disagreeable things a man may suffer as a German, a composer, a German composer; as a deaf, sick bachelor, as a teacher, as a lover, nay, more, as a man of business, crop up, here and there, in these letters, and crop up, too, into our very eyes, so that the latter become wet with tears. But we must reflect that Fate is justified when it charges as dearly as possible for such genius as that which fell to the lot of Beethoven. The highest price is always a mere trifle.

The Editor has divided the Letters into three sections, the first of which (1783 to 1815) "Lebens Freud und Leid," and the last (1823 to 1827) "Lebens Müh' und Ende" (the titles savour rather of those given to a series of songs) include between them the second (1815 to 1823), which bears the title "Lebens Aufgaben." Why the middle section should be thus called is not very plain; perhaps it is because Beethoven's guardianship over his nephew agrees with the year 1815. It cannot, however, be denied that among the "Lebens Aufgaben" (Tasks of Life) in Beethoven's case, was certainly the task of writing the C minor Symphony and *Fidelio*. But no matter! we can only feel thankful to Herr Nohl for his industry as a collector, though the most important pieces in his collection have long been familiar to us.

It is not difficult to give a short summary of the contents of the Letters. A very small number indeed consist of letters of a mere friendly nature—but there is a *love-letter* among them. The others are nearly all on business: letters to the various publishers of his works; letters and documents relating to the guardianship and education of his young nephew; furthermore others of the same kind concerning the income settled on him by certain princely personages; and, finally, shorter letters and notes treating of every possible subject—of the production of *Fidelio* and of his squabbles with his domestics, of dedications and medical men, of change of residence and concerts, and—alas!—very frequently of money, money! A special place must be assigned to the will, which has been so often printed. The original, in possession of the celebrated Ernst, and written at Heiligenstadt in 1802, is a sorrowful lament, in which the Master gives utterance to the most moving grief for the loss of his hearing. There is nothing that ever flowed in words from Beethoven's pen which can equal the interest this Elegy never fails to inspire, however often it is read.

The book opens with the dedication to the Elector, Maximilian Frederick of Cologne; it is printed before the first Pianoforte Sonatas "*verfertigt*" ("made") by Beethoven in his twelfth year. The editor remarks somewhat naively: "it

could scarcely have been drawn up by the boy himself, but has notwithstanding been included in the work as forming a cheerful contrast to his own subsequent mode of expressing himself towards persons of rank." It is certain that never in his life was Beethoven capable of writing such correct German as in this dedication, and still less could he have ever thought of such old-fashioned bombastic stuff. With regard, however, to "his mode of expressing himself towards persons of rank," his letter to the King of Prussia (381 of the collection) referring to the dedication of the Ninth Symphony, is merely couched in that altered tone naturally required by the lapse of half-a-century. His letters also to Count Hatzfeldt, to Prince Lichnowsky, to the Countess Kinsky, and, moreover, his recently published letters to the Arch-Duke Rudolph, prove that Beethoven could behave to the great ones of this earth just as other mortals do, who want something from them, or owe them something. That he was as little able to restrain his violent temper in his intercourse with princes as in his dealings with domestics is quite another thing.

The letters to his youthful friends, male and female, Wegeler and von Breuning (already made known to us by Wegeler) are far from numerous—but they produce a pleasing impression when they first appear in the year 1793 and finally a few weeks previous to the master's death in 1827. As Beethoven himself confessed, he must have committed many a wrong against these two friends of his, but the deep and cordial attachment he preserves for them, despite everything, after all their separations both mental and actual, touches us the more, because we fancy we can perceive in it the love, which was never extinguished, for his Rhenish home, and his grateful reminiscences of the first years of his youth. Beethoven's relations with Ries and the letters addressed to the latter are, likewise, already known. People have sometimes felt inclined to blame Ries for the rather unfriendly tone that now and then peeps forth in his *Mittheilungen*. But it must be confessed, that, if Beethoven assisted Ries at the outset in Vienna, and granted him the distinction of calling himself his pupil, Ries, up to the very last, displayed the most self-sacrificing alacrity in doing whatever lay in his power to serve his master. From the very first letter, in which Ries is ordered to correct parts (1801), up to the last which is given, of the year 1823, the pupil is always employed on the master's business, procuring commissions for work, obtaining payment, as well as undertaking performances with restless obligingness and assiduity. For this, a few friendly observations concerning his compositions are now and then graciously vouchsafed him, but the Master never gets as far as to dedicate, as he frequently hinted that he would, a work to Ries's wife. It is quite right, but still a fact to which we must direct particular attention, that Beethoven required a very great deal from his friends—there appears to be a certain heroic and also domineering egotism in the disposition of great, and also, sometimes, of little, geniuses.

There is, moreover, a series of notes to a first-rate *dilettante*, Zmeskall von Domanowecz, running through the whole time of Beethoven's stay in Vienna. The good man has to do all sorts of things, and is always humorously treated. The humor in the Master's letters, and in some musical jokes of his, affords, however, no idea of that which gushes forth in his compositions. They are exceedingly cheap specimens of wit, which may have been pleasant enough at the moment they were thought of and uttered, but which are ill-calculated to bear immortality. It is for this very reason, probably, that they are the more characteristic.

This is, perhaps, the place to mention the numerous notes addressed to Schindler. It is true that Schindler was, *ex professo*, "l'ami de Beethoven," but, in reality, nothing more than a factotum graciously patronized by the latter. The most varied commissions of every kind are condescendingly entrusted to him, while now and then he is read a lesson to the tune of: "Where is your judgment? Where it always is," etc.

That Beethoven in the course of years exhibited a kind of thankful partiality towards this indefatigable man, though he sometimes speaks in Heaven knows what terms of him, is a fact which we will as little deny as that the immortal "ami" enjoyed the privilege of gaining a deep insight into Beethoven's material circumstances and condition. Did he do any more? In a letter to the Rev. Herr Amenda, whom Beethoven appears really to have loved, we read the following words, which, though it is true they are not applied to Schindler, are highly characteristic: "I look upon him and — as mere instruments, on which, when it pleases me, I play; I value them according to what they do for me." This is, at least, very frank.

From friendship to love is but one step—*les extrêmes se touchent*. The letter written on two successive days to the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi is here given, we are informed by the Editor, "with diplomatic exactness"—with extreme exactness let us hope. It concludes with the words: "Ever thine, ever mine, ever each others," * as a postscript, and contains the everlasting "joy Heaven-loud, but sorrowful as death" of all lovers, though, it is true, not couched in German that Goethe would have written. A year after all these "evers," the said Countess Guicciardi was the wife of Count Gallenberg. Beethoven dedicated to her the celebrated C sharp minor Sonata—"quasi fantasia."

"God, how I love you" are the words, also, at the conclusion of the last of the three letters communicated by Bettina herself, to whom they were addressed. Their genuineness has been greatly doubted—Herr Nohl is of opinion that, after the publication of Beethoven's other letters, such doubts are no longer possible. I confess, with all humility, that their *linguistic form* is a complete riddle for me. His short intercourse with Bettina must have exerted an extraordinary effect upon Beethoven, as far as language was concerned, and that effect must have been at work while he was writing to her, but for those few moments only. As regards the contents, that is often queer enough. "Your approbation is dearer to me than aught else on earth," says Beethoven to Bettina. Further on we read: "when two such persons as I and Goethe come together." It might at least be: Goethe and I! The oft-cited story, however, to the effect that Beethoven, as he was taking a walk with Goethe in Töplitz, frayed himself a passage, "with his arms folded and his hat upon his head, through the thickest throng of the Imperial family" and, "to his great amusement, sees Goethe, with his hat off, standing and bowing deeply on one side"—this rhodomontade, I say, has enjoyed too much honor, when people wanted to regard it as a proof Beethoven's republican feeling and Goethe's servile nature,† for, at the same moment, Beethoven boasts that: "Duke Rudolph took his hat off to me, the Empress bowed first—these high personages know me;" a fact to which he evidently, therefore, attaches no small value. Can we now believe it true that he afterwards: "rapped Goethe (the great Goethe, his Excellency Herr von Goethe, Minister of State, and then sixty-two) over the knuckles, and reproached him with his sins, especially those against Bettina?" Perhaps we can, worse luck. But what do we not pardon in a Beethoven—and a Bettina?

(To be Continued).

* "ewig unz" (sic). in the original.

† On it being subsequently proved in court that, despite the Van in his name, Beethoven did not belong to a noble family, he said: "The burgher should be separated from the higher man, and I have fallen beneath him."

Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst.

[From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.]

Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst, "the pale faced" violinist, one of the most brilliant virtuosos of the most brilliant concert-epoch, died at Nice, on the 8th of October. He was born in the year 1814, and at an early age exhibited extraordinary talent. His father took him to Böhm, where the very celebrated professor of the Conservatory, Vienna. Böhm, an amiable man, full of enthusiasm for his art, soon perceived how great a future was in store for the boy, and acknowledged that, though the latter might learn

music from him, he was already nearly his equal in practical skill. Ernst made a professional tour, and ended by settling in Paris, where he remained some years. He then commenced, without fixing his quarters anywhere, his travels, which were terminated only by his continually increasing attacks of illness. His most brilliant period began in 1840. Beriot was then in Vienna, achieving a tremendous success with his endless "airs variés," and his "tremolo" on the theme from Beethoven (out of the Kreutzer Sonata), when Ernst appeared, played the "Otello Fantasia," the "Elegie," and the "Carnaval de Venise," and with these compositions excited among the Viennese a degree of enthusiasm that spread far beyond the limits of the monarchy. His journey resembled a series of triumphs, bringing in pecuniary profit as well as fame. Ernst, who possessed a thoroughly good heart, did not save, and, on one occasion, sacrificed a very large sum to preserve from ruin a person nearly connected with him. When he was near forty, a diminution in his power and likewise in his success became apparent. The "Carnaval de Venise" which he still played, had lost a great deal of its attraction, and, in addition to this, Ernst's execution became more and more uncertain, his tone more and more effeminate; seldom did the old fire, the pristine energy, burst forth, though, when it did, he was incomparable—a spring of deep, fervid feeling gushed forth with his tones, and profound was the emotion of those who listened to them. When past forty, he married Mlle. Siona Levy, a French, and not, as most of the papers have announced, an English lady. Young and talented, Madame Ernst still entertained the idea of devoting herself to the stage; at least as late as 1853, she gave a dramatic performance at Braden, reciting several scenes and poems à la Rachel. Ernst, who kept growing worse (he was then suffering from gout, which eventually turned to paralysis of the spinal marrow), was a great deal in London, where he played frequently in quartets as no one had played before him; but he, also, paid visits to the other towns of England, and was always well received. At length his remaining strength failed, his violin was dumb—and this severed the nerve of his life, for, had his pecuniary circumstances been better, he would inevitably have perished of grief; Death released him.

Ernst was a truly inspired artist, a man of kindly disposition, rather passive than energetic, more subject to an impression than able to rule it, but full of good nature, and a stranger to intrigue and envy. Few men understood as he did how to repair a wrong committed. If he had hurt anyone's *amour propre*, he seized every opportunity of proving how much he himself suffered. A younger generation is now growing up, for whom Ernst's personal character is a thing of the Past, a generation that finds satisfaction only in publicity and in great celebrity. Could one of the younger men belonging to it have seen Ernst in his good days, he might have learned that there is in the disposition of a man a something for the absence of which nothing can compensate, a something which still supports the true artist long after the sayings and doings of the world have ceased to exist for him.

[From the *Athenaeum*.]

The long agony—for so did the last years of Herr Ernst's life amount—is at last over. His career of suffering closed at Nice on the 8th of this month. This is one of the cases in which departure can only be welcomed as relief. His long-protracted bodily pain had been long known to be past the power of medicine to alleviate; and it is to be feared that the princely munificence with which the artist dispersed the gains made by him during his career of public exhibition, left him to face sickness in its most depressing form, under narrow circumstances. It may be added, however, that the active kindness of those to whom his admirable qualities had endeared him failed him not to the last.

A more amiable man never breathed than Ernst; nor one of a better heart, a finer intelligence, and a more generous and unenvying nature. A certain languor of temperament, approaching to indolence, and of late years aggravated by illness, prevented him from doing full justice to his powers, either as a creative musician or a member of society; but his friends will recollect him not merely by his nobility of nature, incapable of intrigue, jealousy and suspicion, but also by his quick and delicate sense of humor. As an artist he cannot be overrated among the violinists.

At the moment of writing we are without any biographical data to tell us under whom Ernst, born in 1814, at Brunn, in Moravia, acquired his mastery over his instrument,—mastery, however, accompanied by a singular drawback, which was probably organic,—not a defect arising from incomplete study. During his entire career, Ernst was always

more or less liable to play out of tune; in this resembling the greatest singer of modern times, Pasta, who could not, even by her indefatigable industry and indomitable will, control her tendency to imperfect intonation. In his best days, Ernst's tone was rich and grandiose, with a touch in it of that vibratory Italian quality, characterizing Paganini and the players of the Southern school, as distinguished from the more solid—perhaps less expressive—countrymen and followers of Spohr. If we mistake not (but the facts to fall back upon, we repeat, are singularly meagre), Ernst made himself a hearing, even in the teeth of the frenetic success which attended Paganini; and this, in some degree, by meeting the wonderful Genoese *virtuoso* on his own ground. Less perfect in his polish, less unimpeachable in the *diamond* lustre and clearness of his tone, than De Beriot, Ernst had as much elegance as that exquisite violinist, with greater depth of feeling. Less audaciously inventive and extravagant than Paganini, he was sounder in taste, and, in his music, with no lack of fantasy, more scientific in construction. He wrote for his instrument too sparingly, owing to the placid carelessness of his nature, of which mention has been made, but the great concert pieces will stand. The *allegro* of his unfinished *Concerto* in F sharp minor, of an almost insurmountable technical difficulty, is based on those clear, impassioned and noble phrases, and conducted with a thorough science which ensure its permanence in the repertory of violinists of the very highest class. Probably there is no movement of its length which has lasted so long, and, had so deservedly wide a currency as his *Elegie*. Of Ernst's stringed Quartets, and his grand violin studies, we were speaking only the other day.

The secret, however, of Ernst's success, whether as a composer or a *virtuoso*, lay in his expressive power and accent. There has been nothing to exceed these as exhibited by him in his best days. The passion was carried to the utmost point, but "never torn to tatters,"—the freest use of *tempo rubato* permitted, but always within the limits of the most just regulation. This is an excellence granted to few, measured abandonment (if such a term may be employed) being one of the rarest graces in Art. Those who have exhibited it in perfection could almost be counted off on the ten fingers. Ernst possessed it in the highest degree. We recall certain of his *cadenzas* (one especially, to Meyerbeer's graceful, varied air in E major), certain readings (as those of Beethoven's Second Razumowsky Quartet, and of the *Cavatina* in his posthumous Quartet in B major; of Mendelssohn's Quartet in E minor, and the *adagio* of his posthumous Quintet), which "stand out," after their kind, as distinct and superior as anything to be cited in our not too long list of first-class musical treasures. There is none of the exaggeration which the death of a great man is too apt to awake in the above praise. As an example of certain of the very highest qualities which can be combined in a musical poet and interpreter, Ernst must always be rated, if not the first, among the first.

Report of the Musical Committee

At the Tenth Exhibition of the Mass. Charitable Mechanics Association.

The Committee on Piano-fortes and other Musical Instruments would respectfully report that the following articles have been examined by them, viz.:

1154. Violin, guitar, and banjo, I. H. Arey, Boston, N. H.

1265. One piano, Hazelton Bros., Boston.

1311. Organ Pipes, Samuel Pierce, Reading.

1371. One violin, John White, Boston.

1378. Piano-forte action, C. C. Ryder, Boston.

1382. Carved piano-forte, Paul, Humphrey & Co., Boston.

1461. Four violins, Daniel Dunbar, Boston.

1535. Cabinet-organs, Mason & Hamlin, Boston.

1540. Twelve pianos, Chickering & Sons, Boston.

1547. Three pianos, Geo. M. Guild & Co., Boston.

1675. Two piano-fortes, Parkinson & Sons.

1573. Nine piano-fortes, Hallett, Davis & Co., Boston.

1590. Two piano-fortes, G. A. Miller & Co., Boston.

1604. Piano-fortes, McPhail & Co., Boston.

1614. Pedal-piano, J. W. Brackett, Boston.

1661. Piano-forte, Wm. B. Bradbury, New York.

1675. Pianino, J. W. Brackett, Boston.

51. Two prs. Cymbals, Carl Lehner, Boston.

51. One B-flat and one E-flat Cornet, B. F. Richardson, Boston.

66. Musical Instruments, E. G. Wright & Co., Boston.

288. Case musical instruments, Henry Lehner, Boston.

Your Committee feel deeply sensible of the deli-

cate nature of the duty they have undertaken to perform. If it were the ordinary case of the inspection of ingenious mechanism or rare workmanship, it would be comparatively easy to decide upon competing claims; but the construction of musical instruments requires not only mechanical skill, but knowledge of acoustics, appreciation of musical quality of tone, and the adaptation of all the parts to the production of artistic effects.

Without disparaging any purely mechanical labor, or setting up any undue claims for this branch of art, your committee think it would be difficult to name any department of industry for which is requisite so much pains in selection of material, such experience and judgment in construction, such delicate perception of musical tone, in fine such thorough union of mechanical skill and aesthetic taste as is employed in the manufacture of musical instruments.

Your committee are satisfied that there has been in no branch of mechanical industry a more steady and rapid progress. The power and scope of the piano-forte, its resonance, the ease and rapidity of its action, and delicacy of touch, have constantly improved, until it may safely be assumed that the most indifferent maker surpasses in many respects the efforts of the most celebrated names of a quarter of a century ago. One change in the scale of those of recent date, however, is, in one respect, of questionable benefit. We refer to the mode of adjusting the strings at different angles of tension, popularly known as the "over-strung" scales. Increased power is undoubtedly gained in this way, but at the cost of all evenness of tone; in passing from one group of strings to the next, the points of intersection are readily detected by the most ordinary ear, and the transition is as unpleasant as the breaks between the registers of an uncultivated voice.

Your committee, being fully aware that it has been common among interested people to depreciate the value of honorary awards by alleging that they are obtained by favoritism, or that committees commence their examinations under the influence of invincible prejudice, determined to anticipate such criticism by giving an unquestionable guaranty of fairness. Before making any examination of the competing piano-fortes, they requested the management to cover the names on the front, to arrange the instruments without method, and to leave only a dim light in the exhibition room. This order was strictly carried out, and your committee made their examination in a darkened room without the possibility of knowing the makers of the instruments they were deciding upon. Whatever may be the worth of the judgment which they now give to the management, it is certain that it was made without any prompting of interest, prejudice or bias.

The committee recommend the following awards:

To Messrs. Chickering & Sons for the best Grand Piano-forte, the first Silver Medal. To the same for a fine Semi-Grand, a Silver Medal.

To Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., for a very superior Grand Piano-forte, the second Silver Medal. To the same for a fine Small Grand a Silver Medal.

To Messrs. Chickering & Sons for their upright Piano-fortes, a Silver Medal.

To the same for the best Square Piano-forte, the first Silver Medal.

To Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., for a very excellent Square Piano-forte, the second Silver Medal.

To Messrs. George M. Guild & Co., for a Square Piano, a Bronze Medal.

To Messrs. A. M. McPhail & Co., for a Square Piano-forte, a Bronze Medal.

To G. A. Miller & Co., for a Square Piano-forte, a Bronze Medal.

To J. W. Brackett, for his Pedal Piano-forte for Organ practice, a Diploma.

To Hazelton Brothers, for Square Piano, a Diploma.

To Paul, Humphrey & Co., for Square Piano, a Diploma.

To Parkinson & Sons, for Square Piano, a Diploma.

To W. B. Bradbury, for Square Piano, a Diploma.

To the United Piano-forte Makers, for Square Piano, a Diploma.

The instruments made by Messrs. Chickering and Sons your committee consider as being very remarkable for their excellence, even when compared with the exhibitions of former years.

Their Grand Piano-fortes are eminently satisfactory, so perfect indeed that it may be difficult for a long time to make any decided improvement either in evenness of scale, brilliancy, fullness and fluency of tone, elasticity of touch, ease and promptness of action, or in the special singing quality which so many modern compositions require.

Your committee especially designate No. 28065 as

having, in their judgment, the sweetest tone, and as being the most desirable instrument for the drawing room; they also mention No. 28050 as a Pianoforte of extraordinary power, with a richness and pungency of tone and decision of action that would be very effective in the concert room.

The upright Piano-fortes of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, when the inherent difficulties of construction are considered, are even more praiseworthy. The improvement in these instruments is marked. The "jangle" as well as the metallic jar, which haunted them of old, has disappeared, and they "damp" almost as promptly as their great rivals. In quality of tone they are delightful, and they will undoubtedly come more into favor, especially with those who have not room for the larger instruments. The one especially recommended by the Committee is No. 28321.

Two Square Piano-fortes of Messrs. Chickering & Sons at first about equally divided the judgment of your Committee, viz.: Nos. 28293 and 28340. The preference was finally given to the first named for superior richness of tone, while the latter was allowed to be more fluent and more brilliant.

The Grand Piano-fortes of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., have many very admirable features; they have a great body of tone and are specially commended for their fine touch and their beautiful singing quality.

The Square Piano of the same makers, No. 12790, was very much admired. It has great fullness, depth and mellowness of tone, and in certain grave styles of music would probably be unexcelled by any similar instrument on exhibition.

In the department of reed instruments there was but one entry—the Cabinet Organs of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, and the Committee, in consideration of the valuable improvements known as the "Automatic Swell" and the "Combination Register," as well as of the excellence of tone and beautiful workmanship displayed in these instruments, recommend the award of a silver medal.

The Committee further recommend an award—To Messrs. E. G. Wright & Co., for a full set of Brass Instruments of superior tone and workmanship, the first silver medal.

To Henry Lehner for smaller Brass Instruments, and for improved Alto Horn, the second silver medal.

To Carl Lehner, for fine toned Cymbals, a diploma.

To B. F. Richardson, for Silver Cornet, a bronze medal.

To Samuel Pierce, for beautifully made Organ Pipes, a bronze medal.

To John White, for a Violin, a diploma.

To Messrs. E. G. Wright & Co., for newly invented Book-Rack, a diploma.

To Edward L. Balch, for specimens of Musical Typography, a diploma.

The Committee would remark that most of the violins were so completely out of order that they could form no judgment concerning them.

F. H. UNDERWOOD,	E. L. HOLBROOK,
CHAS. J. CAPEN,	GEO. W. HARRIS,
STEPHEN R. CLAPP,	WM. H. GOODWIN,
GEO. J. WEBB,	CARL ZERRAHN,
H. WARE,	

The Committee after having made the foregoing award guided by a construction of the rules which in the opinion of many of their number allowed no proper recognition of the merits of the instruments, and no adequate award for improvements, desire to express to the Government of the Association their opinion that the highest honor is much more appropriate for such a magnificent Grand Piano-forte as has been named for the first prize. They venture to suggest that at future exhibitions the rules may be modified so as to allow greater freedom to Committees on Musical Instruments; and that the results of so many years of experience, the products of so much skill and taste, be not put on the same plane with purely mechanical works such as every household contains. And as the principles of justice as to awards are of no day or time, they respectfully urge that the Executive Committee will consider the matter at the present Exhibition, and they would request the Government to grant a Gold Medal for the best Grand Piano-forte to Messrs. Chickering & Sons, instead of the first Silver Medal awarded:—A Gold Medal to Messrs. Mason & Hamlin for their Cabinet Organs, in place of the Silver Medal;—and a Gold Medal to Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., for the marked improvement in all the Piano-fortes exhibited by them,—this last to take the place of the Silver Medal awarded for their Grand Piano-fortes.

F. H. UNDERWOOD,	W. M. H. GOODWIN,
CHAS. J. CAPEN,	GEO. J. WEBB,
H. WARE,	STEPHEN R. CLAPP,
GEO. W. HARRIS,	CARL ZERRAHN,
E. L. HOLBROOK,	

Musical Correspondence.

AMONG THE ALPS.—RECOLLECTIONS OF MUSIC IN DRESDEN.

MONTREUX, LAKE OF GENEVA, OCT. 1865.—Saddly pressed for time before leaving Dresden, as well as during the constant travel and moving about which has been my pleasant lot for the last month or six weeks, I should have found it next to impossible to fulfil my duties as correspondent, had I even had material for writing. But while revelling in Nature's choicest beauties, the lovely Swiss lakes, the glories of the Bernese Oberland, Chamouny, with its stupendous surroundings, ending off with this calm, peaceful East shore of beauteous Lake Leman, it has not been my good fortune to hear a note of music worth recording. One exception, indeed, was made, by a little incident which was refreshing enough to me, though hardly of general interest, except to show what we may hear in Europe quite unexpectedly. You may judge how delightful it was, after a ten or twelve hours pedestrian excursion from Interlaken, to sit quietly in the parlor of the hotel at evening, listening to the very superior rendering, by an amateur young lady from Vienna, of compositions by Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and last but not least, of a Sonata (I forget which, but a difficult one) and the 32 Variations of Beethoven, and all without notes! To my infinite regret, unavoidable circumstances prevented my hearing the Freiberg organ, of which I had hoped to give you a glowing account. It was a great disappointment, but I trust the time may yet come when I can make up for my loss.

Meanwhile, not to leave you too long without some intelligence, I cannot do better than tell you something about the state of music in Dresden, as I intended to do before I left that place, and as far as I can judge of it from my own experience. The opera is, on the whole, very good, though some of the principalsingers are not as young as they might be. The veteran among them is TICHATSCHEK, who, though between 50 and 60 years old, has still a wonderful voice. In his prime the latter was considered one of the most beautiful tenors in the world, and I well remember the deep impression it made upon even my childish mind, when I first heard him, years ago. He has used his voice well, and now, though of course it has lost much of its sweetness and freshness, it is still very powerful, true, clear and flexible. He still fills the hero parts, and is able to sing any role he ever sang. His acting, which was always stiff and awkward, has not improved, and the want of grace and ease, which youthful freshness and manly vigor could make one overlook, becomes too conspicuous in a man of his age. Far better preserved is MITTERWURZER, who is, indeed, considerably younger. His voice is truly superb; so powerful, so rich and expressive! His acting, too, is faultless, so that it is a real delight to hear and see him. He throws himself thoroughly into every part he acts, and, although of too stout and massive a frame for beauty, he looks his parts as well as he acts them. Since the sad loss of SCHNORR VON CAROLSFELD, whom, to my great regret, I never heard, and who was as true an artist and as great a singer as Mitterwurzer, no other tenor had been appointed in his place, and various individuals were starring on trial. I have not heard whether the matter has since been decided. Of the other male singers no one deserves particular mention.

The prima donnas are Mme. BURDENEY and Mme. JANNER-KRALL. The former is also verging on the superannuated, but her voice is still very beautiful, and her singing and acting extremely fine. Her exterior, however, which can never be other than unprepossessing, is rendered so very much so by advancing years, that in some roles, where she represents lovely young girls, the effect is truly ridiculous. Just the

opposite is Mad. Janner-Krall, a most charming little creature, full of youthful freshness, archness, and sparkling naivete. Her stock of roles is, of course, entirely different from that of Mad. Burde-Ney; she sings chiefly the lighter parts, although she occasionally undertakes more serious ones, and with much success. Her voice is an exquisite, clear, rich, high soprano, very flexible, and thoroughly at her command. A third singer, said to be of merit in bravura parts, is Fräulein HAENISCH, whom, however, I never happened to hear.

The choruses are excellent, and the orchestra under the direction of KREBS and RIETZ, is, as any musical person knows, justly celebrated for its superiority. I was much disappointed that no concert was given by this royal orchestra while I remained in Dresden, but it was not the season for any of their regular concerts, and there was probably no occasion for an extra one. I heard, however, the *Tannhäuser* Overture from them as I have never heard it before. The repertoire of the opera is very varied, and there are about three representations a week, alternating with those of the drama. During the two months I spent in Dresden, the repertoire comprised the following operas: *Tannhäuser*, *Hugenots*, *Don Juan*, *Fidelio*, *Gounod's Faust*, *Dinorah*, *Robert le Diable*, "Daughter of the Regiment," *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, *Sonnambula*, Spontini's *Fernando Cortez*, Marschner's "Templar and Jewess," etc. I was much interested in hearing the two last mentioned, as both were new to me, and I had never heard anything by Spontini, and only an overture or two by Marschner. Both were very effective, and were put upon the stage brilliantly. Tichatschek as Cortez, Janner-Krall as Amazili, the Mexican maiden, and Mitterwurzer as the Mexican chie', Telasco, were all excellent. The music is gorgeous; no other word so well expresses its quality. Marx, in his Musical Recollections, denotes a couple of very interesting chapters to Spontini. Among other anecdotes he tells one of Zelter, who, after hearing one of Spontini's operas, spoke of the tattoo as "gentle music." Marx adds: "Poor unfortunate; he had not heard any of Meyerbeer's music!" and we might add Wagner's! I had always heard of Spontini's music as exceedingly noisy, but, probably because I was familiar with Meyerbeer and Wagner, it did not strike me particularly so, and I was far more impressed by its richness of coloring, and its fulness of instrumentation. It is certainly original too, as well as vigorous, and totally different in character from all the modern Italian music. But on the other hand it is not so full of flowing melodies as the latter, and would not perhaps be as pleasing to ears that are tickled by them. Still I should consider it quite a safe experiment for a manager to bring out *Cortez* in America; I am sure it would prove quite as attractive if not more so, than many operas which are produced there.

The same might be said of Marschner's *Templar and Jewess*, which I found exceedingly attractive and full of fine effects. As the title indicates, the plot is taken from "Ivanhoe," quite well worked up, and cannot fail to interest every one to whom that pearl of romances is dear and familiar, and to whom is it not? Tichatschek, to be sure, was a sadly unpoetic representative of the "Desdichado," an incongruity to which even his fine voice could hardly reconcile one. This too, is the case with Burde-Ney, whose faded exterior cruelly marred all the romantic ideas one had ever formed of the beautiful Rebecca; but if these characters rather put illusion to sleep, it was wakened again by Mitterwurzer, who looked and acted the proud and passionate Brian de Bois Guilbert to perfection. I have never seen a finer representation of any character, and if I add to this his excellent rendering of the really fine music, you can imagine, that I enjoy a rare artistic treat. The opera is full of fine melodies, the choruses and other concerted pieces are splendidly worked up, and the mu-

sic of the whole abounds in freshness and vigor, and is by no means devoid of originality. The *misen-scene*, too, can be made very effective; the scene of the ordeal, for instance, with all the templars assembled, in the uniform of their order, etc., is very picturesque, as are, indeed, all the requisite costumes. Though the romantic element preponderates, the comic is not forgotten, and Friar Tuck and Wamba have their place in the array of familiar characters which appear, while the Black Knight and Locksley are by no means forgotten.

As I mentioned above, the season at which we were in Dresden was unfavorable for hearing superior concert music, though there was not a day in the week when one could not attend a cheap concert at one of the many gardens in the charming environs of the city, or on Brühl's Terrace, so incomparable for its lovely situation. At many of these concerts one could hear the best of music, symphonies, overtures, etc., very well played, though Dresden can boast of no orchestra like Liebig's, with the exception, of course, of the royal chapel. The choir of the Catholic church, too, though so celebrated, cannot, in my opinion, be compared to the Domchor in Berlin; the masses performed are seldom of any musical worth, and they are sung in a careless, hurried, mechanical manner, the voices often being overpowered by the organ and orchestra, so that the earnest music-lover can really derive but little pleasure and satisfaction from hearing them. But I must close; my next will, if nothing unforeseen occurs, be from Italy, when I shall have a flood of new impressions to record, in music as in everything else.

NEW YORK, NOV. 21.—The first Philharmonic concert of this season took place on the fourth of November. Here is the programme:

Symphony, No. 4, Op. 120, in D Minor.....	R. Schumann.
Romanza, from <i>Euryanthe</i> , "Unter blühenden Mandel-bäumen,".....	C. M. Von Weber.
Concerto posth., in C, for Piano and Orchestra (first time).....	Signor Lotti.
1 Allegro. 2 Adagio. 3 Rondo. (Cadenzas by Kalkbrenner.)	Mozart.
Mr. S. B. Mills.	
Mazeppa, Poème Symphonique, (first time),.....	F. Liszt.
Romanza from <i>Don Sebastian</i> , "Deserto in terra,".....	Donizetti.
Signor Lotti.	

Etude in C sharp minor.....	Chopin.
Tarentelle, No. 2.....	S. B. Mills.
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3, in C.....	Beethoven.

Chopin's lovely Symphony in D minor was received by the public with enthusiasm. It is gratifying to see how Schumann's genius has gradually made its way here; and every year adds new admirers to the large circle that already appreciates his works.

There are many opinions regarding Liszt's symphonic poem, "Mazeppa." While some place it above a Beethoven Symphony, others would gladly banish it from our concert programmes. We do not regard this work as a composition which it is worth while to fight for or against; it is a gathering together of those material means which our time so abundantly presents, often artistically and intelligently used by the composer. But take it all together, it is a coarse tone-picture, and we are rejoiced, when, having rushed with Mazeppa on the wild horse over hill and valley and wood and steppe, we find ourselves at home among the Tartars, and follow lustily along to the interesting march.

Beethoven's *Leonora* overture, we need hardly say, never fails to create a deep impression.

We were a little surprised to find MILLS, who has grown up among the most tremendous difficulties of modern piano-forte technics, appearing as an interpreter of a Mozart Concerto. And he had to bear not a few reproaches from those who are greedy for novelty, and who possess short memories in artistic affairs. We were delighted with the choice, the performance, and work, especially the very beautiful *Adagio*. The Mozartian euphony has its own diffi-

culty; it is decorated with passages and ornament that must be given freely, purely, with finish and clearness; it is filled up with harmonic details, which must be brought out without pretension. The orchestral accompaniment sounded finely, and under BERGMANN's careful direction all its beauties had full justice done them. Herr LOTTI was hoarse, and did not appear; so the vocal part of the programme was null and void.

On the eleventh of November, THEODORE THOMAS's first Symphony Soirée took place. Here is the programme:

Symphony, No. 4, Op. 60 B flat major.....	Beethoven.
Scena, Cavatina and Aria, "O prêtres de Baal," (Prophet).	Meyerbeer.
Allegro de Concert, Op. 46.....	Chopin.
Mr. Wm. Mason.	
Mazeppa (Symphonic Poem).....	Liszt.
Aria, "Il malme," "Les Dragones de Villars,"	Mailhart.
Mme. Fleury-Urbain.	
Invitation to the Dance.....	Weber.
Arranged for Orchestra by Berlioz.	

Beethoven's Symphony was very finely played by the orchestra (60 performers) on this occasion, and greatly enjoyed by the public, as also was the case with Berlioz's genial instrumentation of Weber's "Invitation to the dance." Mme. FLEURY-URBAN, the songstress of the occasion, has a good voice, but not much school. Her means were insufficient for the first air she executed, but the second was a less ambitious choice. Mr. MASON played a seldom heard work of Chopin, which deserves greater popularity in the concert room. This interesting soirée gave general satisfaction.

A new violin player, JEHIN PRUME, nephew of the distinguished virtuoso and composer for the violin, Francois Prume, gave a concert here on the eighteenth. Mr. Prume's playing in a great measure belongs to De Beriot's school. He unites great technical dexterity to a pure and elegant tone in *cantabile* movements, which swells to a fine breadth when necessary. We were especially pleased with his execution of Ernst's "Elegy" and Prume's "Melancolie," in both of which he displayed fine phrasing, and broad, intelligent expression, while we admired the ease of his bowing; and his uncommon facility had full opportunity for display in the inevitable virtuoso show pieces, a fantastic *Scherzo* of Bazzini, a *Fantaisie* by Leonard on the "Austrian Hymn," and the "Carnival of Venice." Would that the artist had a little aesthetic repose of personal manner! If we look at him while he plays, we imagine that the simplest passage must cost him immense pains to produce, and when real difficulties are in question, it seems as if his whole body was continually on the point of flying away with his bow. At the same time we do not doubt but that Mr. Prume is moved by genuine feeling when enticing such artistic tones from his violin, and such is the impression he makes on all who hear him; he deserves to meet with remarkable success here. This artist was assisted by the pianist, MILLS, who, in Liszt's fine "Racoczy March," played with great fire and execution, and in a *Faust* fantasia of his own—somewhat tedious, and thankless for an audience, although cleverly put together—displayed his eminent technical ability. Miss ZELDA HARRISON, *élève* of Mrs. Seguin, (said the bills) and Mr. WEEKS, pupil of Mr. Rivardo (ditto), also assisted. Whether *élève* or pupil was the more *distingué* we will not decide.

LANCELOT.

A NEW OPERA HOUSE.

DAYTON, O., Nov. 3.—It will, no doubt, be interesting to many of your readers—as an evidence of musical progress—to know that Dayton is soon to have a new opera house, and one, too, equal in all respects to anything of the same extent in the country.

The size of the building is 100 x 126 feet, fronting on Main and First Streets, with a height of 100 feet. The audience room is about 90 feet square, with a

ceiling 42 feet to the base of the dome. The stage is 36 by 84 feet, with the usual proscenium boxes, lobbies, &c. It will have seats for 1800 in balcony, parquette and dress circle. The usual gallery has been dispensed with, to the great beauty of the house, and the comfort of the audience. The lobbies, aisles, &c., are large and spacious, and there will be no difficulty in finding room for 2500 persons on grand occasions.

Opening out from the main entrance hall, is a large waiting, or promenade room, where conversation and flirting can be carried on without disturbing the audience. This is a feature that must prove very attractive, especially to that large class who frequent the opera for any other reason than their fondness for music.

The green room and dressing rooms are ample and conveniently located, with private entrances to each. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anywhere a better arranged opera house than this.

The foot lights of the stage are sunk below the floor and covered with glass—so that those pleasant little affairs of burning up ballet girls will probably never be witnessed in our opera house. The main body of the house is lighted by some 32 large ground glass globes inserted in the ceiling, above which, and of course out of sight, are placed parabolic reflectors, like the head-lights of locomotive engines, flooding the whole apartment with a soft and beautiful light. This is a great improvement on the old bracket, or side light arrangement—as no gas flames are visible, though the whole will be as light as day. The effect on the audience will be very beautiful.

The ceiling, dome, &c., are exquisitely frescoed by that excellent artist, Signor Pedretti of Cincinnati, who has acquitted himself with great credit, and shown himself, what his friends long knew him to be, not only a thorough master of his art, but a designer of much skill and taste.

For all this temple of beauty and art, the citizens of Dayton, and the musical world at large, are indebted to the liberality and public spirit of one firm—Messrs. J. M. Turner & Bro.—who have built it of their own free will and accord, and as an investment, which it is to be hoped may prove amply remunerative. Its cost will be about a quarter of a million of dollars.

The exterior of the building is very harmonious. Its general style is Romanesque, with a mansard roof, with cornice of very handsome proportions. The principal front, on Main Street, is of Ohio river sandstone, the most beautiful building material, all things considered, in the United States. The front on 1st St. of brick, with Ohio river stone dressing. The entrance is on this side through a fine Moorish arch and doorway.

The first story is devoted to Mercury, being divided into five spacious and elegant store rooms, which, no doubt, will prove the best paying part of the investment. But all above belongs to the muses.

No definite arrangements have been made for the inauguration of this house. It will be completed about the middle of next month, and it is not unlikely that Forrest may play a short engagement about the holidays. It is said that he has expressed a desire to do so, as he made his "first appearance on any stage," in an old two story brick, erected in 1832, in the opposite corner from the Opera House. Musical people would regret this. So beautiful a specimen of art, should be first introduced to the public with music and song.

Lest some of your readers might not know where DAYTON is, it may be well to add, that it is the county seat of Montgomery Co., 60 miles north of Cincinnati at the confluence of the Great Miami and Mad rivers. Standing as it does in the midst of the Miami valley—the best agricultural region for its extent in the world, it is not strange, that it is one of the finest inland cities in the West. It has about 30,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are "well to do,"

and all, with scarce an exception, comfortable, good livers. It is no exaggeration to say that there are fewer needy people in Dayton than in any city of its size on the continent. Such a thing as a beggar is seldom seen in her streets.

Though in the midst of so fine an agricultural district, the principal business of Dayton is manufacturing. Her establishments of that kind are equal to any in the West except those of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

A. Q. Z.

CHICAGO, Nov. 17.—The event of the last ten days has been the debut of Grau's Opera Company—a company, with but two or three exceptions, made up entirely of singers new to America—and we are glad to say that it has achieved in most respects a complete success.

We confess to have been somewhat disappointed as regards chorus and orchestra, after reading Mr. Grau's announcement, but they have both improved since the first night.

As regards the principal artists, they have already created a very favorable impression, almost, if not quite, equal to that made by Maretzki's Company last Spring.

The opera selected for the opening night was, of course (!), *Il Trovatore*. It had a strong cast, but was sung with little spirit, owing probably to it being the first appearance of the company. Since then the following operas have been given in their order: *Faust*, *Ernani*, *Lucia*, *Traviata*, *Favorita* and *Martha*.

NOËL-GUIDI made her debut in *Trovatore* and has since appeared in *Ernani* and *Lucia*. She makes a fine appearance on the stage, possessing a good figure and striking features. Her voice is a pure, rich soprano of good register. Her lower and upper notes are especially rich, her mezzo voice not being as good. Her delivery is easy and artistic, and she evinces also great dramatic power. Her reception here has been most favorable and we predict for her a gratifying success in this country.

Mad. BOSCHETTI has appeared in *Faust*, *Traviata*, and *Martha*. She has a clear and sympathetic voice, her lower notes being her best. In the delivery of her upper notes, the effect of straining her voice is produced. Boschetti gives us the German conception of Marguerite, she having studied the part under Gounod; but, while rendering due praise both to her singing and acting, we cannot forget the charming Miss Kellogg in this, her greatest part. Boschetti appeared to better advantage in *Traviata* and *Martha*, in both of which she sang and acted with much taste and feeling. She has already proved herself a superior artist.

Mme. GAZZANIGA made her debut before a crowded house in *La Traviata*. We can see but little difference in the singer of to-day and of eight years ago. Except that she has grown fuller and more emphatic, she is the same great artist. At the first she was rather cold, but in the last act she warmed up and displayed fully her great dramatic and artistic power. We hope that Mr. Grau will let us hear her often.

The two contralti of the troupe are Signoras CASH-POLLINI and OLGA OLGINI. The former, though she has only sung once, in the *Trovatore*, showed herself a great artist both in dramatic and vocal power. Her voice is a rich contralto of great power and expression. Olga Olgini has a petite figure and face of much beauty. She possesses a sweet and very musical voice. Her delivery is easy and graceful. She gives promise of becoming a great singer, being quite young.

Signor MUSIANI, the leading tenor, has fully sustained the reputation which preceded him. He is the best *tenore robusto* we have had for a long time, superior, we think, in many respects to Mezzolani. His voice is a powerful one and of very good tone. In the *Trovatore* he produced a great sensation by the

introduction of the high chest C or *ut de poitrine*, which was brilliantly given. He made the best impression however by his *Ernani* and *Edgardo in Lucia*, which were superb, absolutely the best we have ever had. He will prove a formidable rival to *Mazoleni* in New York in the Spring.

Signor *Anastasi, tenore di grazia*, is a very acceptable artist. He has a sweet though not full voice. His delivery is good and his dramatic power considerable.

Herr *Lotti*, who is already a favorite here, achieved a complete triumph on Friday night in *Martha*. He has improved wonderfully both in strength of voice and dramatic power. We doubt if there is a sweeter tenor voice on the stage. If he continues to improve as he has done he will become a first-class artist.

Signors *Fellini* and *Orlandini* are the barytones. *Fellini* is a fine singer, having a powerful and rich voice. *Orlandini* has sung in *Trovatore*, *Ernani* and *Favorita*, but in all these his singing has been marred by hoarseness, so that he has not appeared at his best. His voice is a very good one, though rather guttural at times. Neither of the barytones is quite equal to Bellini.

The Bassi are Signors *Milleri*, *Pollini* and *Brandini*.

The first has appeared in *Ernani*, *Lucia*, and *Favorita*. With the exception of *Formes* in his best days, and *Hermann*, he is the best basso we have had. He has a powerful and very pleasing voice and sings with great energy and has complete control over his voice. He is entitled to a first rank also as a dramatic artist, his *Don Silva* being the best we have ever seen. *Brandini* and *Pollini* have appeared only once; the former as *Mephistopheles*, the latter as *Plunkett*. Both have cultivated voices, but we should think hardly powerful enough. We hope, however, that they may improve on acquaintance.

On the whole, Mr. *Grau* has given us a first-class troupe, though it might be improved in some respects, especially in the female chorus which is poor. The orchestra also needs toning down. However, we must not complain, but thank Mr. *Grau* for fulfilling his promises as he has.

Next week *Gazzaniga* appears in *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Saffo*, *L'Elisir d'Amore* in which Miss *Simons* will appear, is also announced.

CHICAGO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 25, 1865.

Oratorio—*Judas Maccabæus*.

The revival by the *HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY* of this noble Oratorio, once so popular here, and still more often sung in Germany and England than any of Handel's works except *Israel* and the *Messiah*, was a happy thought. We had almost said a timely thought: but it would have been more so at almost any period of our four years of war,—especially during the earlier phases of the great life-struggle of the nation, when we could all have sung quite earnestly that chorus:

And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save!

But the memories of the war are still so near to us, its patriotic fears and hopes and resolutions, its deeds of heroism and its triumphs, that no texts to which great music could be set could more ensure its appeal to all our hearts than these, to which Handel wrote his patriotic, his heroic *Oratorio par excellence*. This was the very music which we wanted to "fire the Northern heart," to keep up hope and courage and the nobler inspirations through the war. But even now it speaks to sympathies and memories exceedingly well prepared; it passes in review before us, in great forms of Art, in a resounding dialect of immortality, all the tremendous experience of those years. Music generalizes whatever historical theme it touches, and so brings home to our times and to us its comment, or rather its spiritual inside history of a heroic, liberty-defending period away back among the Maccabees.

We often wondered during the war, and often hinted thereof in these columns, that the *Handel and Haydn Society*, so active in keeping up our spirits and not letting the great ideals fade from us, if great music could do anything—and verily it could—did not revive *Judas Maccabæus*. Well, we are thankful to have it now. We think it is at any time one of the most interesting of the oratorios—musically, we mean. It is so now particularly. There is a freshness about this music which tells with what whole-heartedness it was composed. It is full of happy inspirations. The choruses, all illustrating a few great simple texts: national grief and shame under defeat and oppression, heroic resolution to reconquer liberty, then victory and rejoicing, all of course tempered with religious fervor, succeed each other with a marked, surprising individuality, all of them beautiful or inspiring, several of them truly great. There are few lovelier or sublimer choruses anywhere than "Tune your harps," which comes in so richly on the dominant seventh chord, taking the word out of the mouth of the solo singer, and flooding all with its great, broad, swelling and melodious flow of harmony. It seems very simple, but it is a masterpiece of art, and its climaxes, especially the last and greatest, where the trebles grow up to the high A and hold it out, are irresistible. Then for a chorus of lamentation what more deeply impressive than the very opening, after the instrumental overture, "Mourn, ye afflicted children?" It is much in the same great mood, though altogether another thing in art, as Beethoven's funeral march. And the next one (which we were sorry to find omitted): "For Sion lamentation make, with words that weep," &c. We can hardly help comparing it too with something very different, the *Lacrymosa* in Mozart's *Requiem*, which certainly is greater; but this has some similar climaxes, and has by a kindred instinct chosen the same broad 12-8 measure. The spirited, emphatic Fugue "And grant a leader," follows the prayer with a re-assuring energy of purpose, like "Aide-toi, et le Ciel t'aidera!" And then the trumpet-like "We come in bright array," simple and short, has the very flash of helmets and the ring of martial order, and willing, valiant hearts leap out in every phrase; musically it is not very much, but it is just enough, so timely! "Hear us, O Lord," with its thick-set imitations ("resolved on conquest or a glorious fall") is a grand chorus, the most difficult perhaps of any, which lost much of its force in this performance by being very much abridged. Grandest of all is the chorus opening the second part: "Fall'n is the foe;" the vigorous figures of the instrumental introduction are most graphic, painting the battle with a few bold strokes, which seem, however, all-pervading. The opening vocal phrases are startling in the energy of their announcement; two more marked and characteristic musical phrases than those on "Fallen is the foe" and "So fall thy foes," could not have been invented for their purpose. The first tones of the second of these phrases, which contain the pith thereof, are then expanded into a figurative fugue theme ("Where warlike Judas yields his righteous sword"), which is worked up so as to complicate the harmonious confusion, and still make the exciting scene more vivid, now mingling with the two original phrases ("Fallen is the foe," &c.), and now pausing to listen, while the word *fall'n* is whispered in low tones widely separated, the accompaniments measuring the time with pulsing

chords;—if perfectly done, it must be heard with breathless interest.

Another very striking chorus, in which the word seems eagerly caught up and passed all along the line, is: "We never, never will bow down," the vocal masses being all consolidated after a while upon a Choral, which still sings on in one part of the harmony, while the others clothe it with figurative counterpoint. Also the Solo and Chorus: "Sing unto God." "See the conquering hero comes" is too familiar to require remark: how many heroes, and would-be heroes, successful candidates, &c., it has ushered in! But it has just that familiarity, always fresh too, of a spontaneous, obvious thought that only comes to genius, and yet it seems as if it might come to all. And then it is served up so skilfully, being first sung in two-part chorus of fresh virgin voices, then taken up in full force by the whole, then borne away, an imitative echo of it, by the instruments in a march. Equally obvious and simple, but rather homely withal, and lacking dignity, (or is it because its phrases have been plagiarized in so many Yankee psalm-book anthems?) is "Hail Judea, happy land!" We have named more choruses than we intended, and yet not all that really deserve mention. Few if any of the choruses in *Judas* are so elaborate, so vast in their conception as the great ones of *Israel* and the *Messiah*; they are mostly short; but they are singularly felicitous, effective, individual; they have the charm of happy hits; each tells the story; it was genial, large-hearted, human *Handel* reading the history by quick imaginative flashes, and telling it off-hand in that lofty, learned, yet palpable and graphic language which had become the easiest vernacular to him.

But you are waiting to hear how these choruses were sung on Saturday night. We may say, on the whole, quite successfully, considering the short preparation (for it is twelve years since it was last sung here, and the singers came to a task practically new). There is room for improvement, but it was sung with a will, some of the choruses very effectively, as "Tune your harps," the "Conquering Hero," &c. The numbers were large, we should think about 400 voices; but the *Contralti* seemed comparatively weak. Mr. *Zerrahn* had certainly conducted the rehearsal to as good purpose as the time allowed. The orchestra was effective, too, (sometimes too heavy), and had, (yes, *Advertiser!*) had "bassoons!" What would Handel think of the necessity of so mentioning the presence of an instrument which he could use by the dozen in his day? The Great Organ, played by Mr. *Lang*, made some of the great choruses loom like distant mountains in rare states of atmosphere; but after all we wonder if it would not be better to use it more sparingly, allowing something more of distance and horizon, and not marching all the grandeur right up to our very feet; let the larger length of the blue chain lie off, in undulating *diminuendo*, so that we can look at it and feel the beauty of the outline softened and enriched by shadows and by atmospheric influence.

We come now to the solo parts. Here lay the weak side of the performance, although it was not all weak by any means. But the most important part, that of the hero *Judas*, demands a great tenor; one who has heard *Sime Reeves* ring out "Sound an alarm," will hardly be so unreasonable as to expect the like of that very often, but a nearer approach to it than seems to lie within the

power of Mr. JOHN FARLEY may fairly enough be asked for. It is true, allowance must be made for the strange accident of his copy, from which he studied his part, not happening to contain this song. But his treatment of the music altogether, though he gave us some sweet passages and showed artistic feeling, was inadequate. Especially bad was his rendering of recitative, accenting, dividing, timing every phrase in the same uniform, stilted, dragging way, that took the life out of it; and depend upon it, Handel's recitative here is good. Nor could he "call forth powers" to cope with such a task as the air, full of roulades, which has those words for its theme. The gentleman to whom the secondary tenor pieces were intrusted has a pleasant, clear voice in the main, but we could not hear at all his lower notes; his style was creditable. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, the basso, was the most complete and satisfying of the soloists. His music, as usual, was well studied and conceived, his voice still gains in musical substance and in flexibility, and he has learned the art of rendering the long *roulade* passages more agreeably, reconciling our modern feeling to them, than almost any singer we have had for years. "The Lord worketh wonders" was a fine instance; while, in another style, "Arm, arm, ye brave," with its preceding recitative: "I feel the Deity within," was well up to the mark.

Miss HOUSTON does not seem to us to have improved for some time in her general singing. She is earnest and has inspirations, that set now and then a passage in a fine bright light; her voice is clear, musical and flexible, but without that reassuring firmness which the hearer would fain feel at every point. Moreover, at times the rhythmical sense, or what we may call the mental metronome, appears bewildered, as in some of the phrases of the most important and original of the soprano airs, "From Mighty Kings," which in the main, however, was rendered quite acceptably. We did not quite recognize the spirit of the quaintly beautiful air, "Pious orgies." A more beautiful one, "Wise men flattering" was omitted. It was a pleasure to hear again the rich contralto of Miss ANNIE CARY, which, blended with Miss Houston's, has left the lovely duets about "Liberty" and "Peace" among the pleasantest memories of the evening.

We are glad to learn that the Society design to perform *Judas* again (on the Saturday evening before Christmas) with Mme. PAREPA in the principal soprano parts, and if possible, with a more efficient hero. The *Messiah* will be given, also, on the Sunday evening, under the same rare auspices.

MESSRS. KREISSMANN and LEONARD repeated the programme of their first Soirée on the evening of the 11th inst., with a much larger audience, and the occasion was even more delightful than before. The only change made in the list of pieces, was the substitution by the singer of Schubert's "Am Meer" and "Aufenthalt" for the two songs by that composer which he sang the first time. The third concert had to be postponed on account of the illness of Mr. Kreissmann, and unfortunately must stand postponed for yet another week,—we hope not longer.

The GREAT ORGAN will be played this noon by Mr. WHITING; and to-morrow (Sunday) evening offers the rare opportunity of hearing Mr. J. K. PAINE, and getting more acquainted with old Bach.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Mendelssohn's Oratorio "St. Paul," which was begun in our last number, and will go on by similar instalments until our subscribers have it complete. The "Creation" came to an end in the number be-

fore the last, leaving a few pages to be otherwise filled. We owe an apology for the mutilated form (without the prelude,) in which the little Song by Franz got in without the Editor's knowledge.

"PIANO-FORTE MEDALS" AGAIN.—We print today in full the Report of the Committee on Musical Instruments, at the late Exhibition of the Massachusetts Mechanic Association. It has attached to it a supplementary Report, signed by the same Committee, which is somewhat at variance with the first. Read by the light of Mr. Underwood's undisputed history of the two Reports, and of the unfortunate way in which both main Report and Supplement were allowed to modify the impartial and impersonal (unanimous) result of the trial of the Pianos instituted by the judges, it sets at rest a question about which parties have waxed warm.

Mme. LOUISE ABEL, a pianist of refined taste and an excellent interpreter of classical music, has returned to this country after several years spent abroad, partly in her old home at Stuttgart, and partly in concert tours, in which she has won the approbation of the highest German and French critics. She gave a concert last week in New York, in which she played works of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and others, in a style that greatly pleased the better class of music-lovers. The admirable concerts which Mme. Abel gave some years ago in Boston are not forgotten by the few (unfortunately) who chanced to hear her, and we trust she will not forget Boston in her artistic ministrations now that she has chosen the New World after another trial of the Old.

ERNST PERABO. This gifted young pianist and musician, who left this country some six years ago, a boy of extraordinary promise, to seek both his general and his musical education in Germany, is now probably on his way home, if he has not already arrived. We have read what honors he has borne off at the Conservatory in Leipzig, both as performer and composer.

It will interest a large circle of our readers, and particularly those gentlemen of Boston and New York, who have subscribed the means of keeping him so long abroad, to read a portion of a letter addressed (quite unsolicited) to Mr. Scharfenberg of New York, under whose earnest and wise management that fund has been expended. Its receipt must have been particularly gratifying to that gentleman. The writer is a sort of centre of the best musical society in Leipzig, and what he writes is doubtless a true reflection of the Leipzig feeling about Perabo. We take the liberty to translate a few sentences;

"The selection of just this young man does all honor to your artistic instinct and your heart, and I cannot help expressing my joyful recognition and assuring you that you will see your expectations satisfied and rewarded in every respect. We are exceedingly sorry to part with him. He is a singularly gifted young man, who, far from all arrogance, an enemy to all humbug, is enthusiastic only for his Art; in this, though, he achieves something *sterling* and *distinguished*. He is a musician through and through, and it is not so easy for another to achieve the like or venture into competition with him. I only fear lest, with his honesty and modesty, with the sacred fire that glows in him for true Art, the muck-flies of mediocrity and musical low life, which can sting in America even more than here, may embitter his life and hinder his onward striving. . . . With the support of a true sympathy he will develop himself powerfully and become the joy and pride of America."

WORCESTER, MASS.—The "Musical Convention," under the direction of Messrs. WILDER & DAVENPORT, occupied most of the last week in October. "Of course," (as the *Palladium* well says), "there was a new collection of Psalmody in the back-ground"—that being the distinctive feature of a "convention." The day sessions were given to vocal gymnastics, choral practice and rehearsals, &c.,

and the evenings to concerts. On the whole, the standard of these things seems to have risen. One was an Organ concert Mr. Wilcox, with vocal miscellany Among other things, Handel's "Waft me, Angels," sung by Mr. Frost. One was a Concert of Choruses from operas, hymn tunes, anthems, &c., (400 voices), varied by organ pieces played by Messrs. Davenport, Allen and Sumner, Handel's "Total Eclipse," and smaller songs. The third was Oratorio: the *Creation*, Mrs. Mozart and Dr. Guilmette assisting, who also sang "Let the bright Seraphim" and "It is enough," from *Elijah*. We think such musical examples must do good among the fresher audiences (and learners, too,) of the country. There were "social hours," too, (of mutual musical refreshment, and we dare say "mutual admiration"), not without interest. Finally, this "Worcester County Musical Convention" elected a very long list of officers for the coming year, who met and voted to adopt *Judas Maccabeus* as the Oratorio to be practiced for the next annual session; (Ditson did well to publish it).

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Another "Convention," that of "Western Massachusetts," was held here on Nov. 6th—10th inclusive. Conductors: Carl Zerrahn and W. O. Perkins of Boston, and H. S. Perkins of Springfield. Soloists: Mrs. H. M. Smith, Dr. Guilmette and Mr. James Whiting, all of Boston. Pianist, J. E. Perkins; orchestra made up from the Germanians and Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Here, too, the *Creation* was sung; and there were miscellaneous concerts, and the same sort of studies and exercises as at Worcester. All went off with great spirit and interest, we hear.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The first concert (sixth series) of the Philharmonic Society, conducted by E. Sobolewski, took place Oct. 19. The pieces performed, in their order, were: Overture to *Masaniello*, Auber; Soprano Solo and Chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives;" Larghetto and Scherzo from Schumann's B-flat Symphony; Solo and Chorus from Kreutzer's "Night in Granada;" Overture to *Dinorah*; Rec. and Cavatina (*Come per me*) from *Sonnambula*; Trio (of Anabaptist preachers) and chorus from *Le Prophète*.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Here, too, there is a Philharmonic Society, which gave the first concert of the season on the 30th ult. The orchestral pieces were Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony and "*Meeresstille*" Overture, and Auber's overture to *Masaniello*. They were given with spirit, we are told, but the audience reserved most of its loud approbation for the *tenore*, Mr. Castle, who sang an aria from *La Traviata* and an English ballad.—Of the new Italian Opera company our correspondent writes in another column.

LEIPZIG. A letter from this place, dated Oct. 12, appears in the *Transcript*, evidently from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Gage, who translated the Life of Mendelssohn. He gossips pleasantly of musical, as well as other people, thus:

I went from Mr. Wilson's to Mr. Lampadius, the author of the Life of Mendelssohn, who gave me, as the translator of his work, an exceedingly cordial reception. He is the pastor of one of the great churches of Leipzig, that of St. Nicholas, and is a man of extremely cordial and agreeable manners. His labors are now so arduous that he has little leisure to prosecute his musical studies, but his love for the science is not lessened, while his reverence for the character of Mendelssohn remains unchanged. I was glad to tell him that the American edition has been published in its beautiful shape, and that our people have thorough appreciation of the character of that great and excellent man. In Germany, Mendelssohn's music is now not so much liked as that of Schumann, whose star is in the ascendant. Still the Germans are not unmindful of his great merit, though they leave to England the full appreciation of his genius. In Leipzig he is gratefully remembered. I made a pilgrimage to the house, No. 21 Königstrasse, a large and handsome mansion in which Mendelssohn lived and died.

In the afternoon I called on Mr. and Mrs. Moeschel. I must not tell the readers of the *Transcript* who they are, for all the world knows that Moeschel is the biographer of Beethoven and the friend of Mendelssohn from the cradle to the grave. They are neither of them old, only about sixty, and it indeed seemed singular to be conversing with those who had directed the opening of Mendelssohn's musical studies, followed every step of his bright,

beautiful career, stood by him at the death-bed, and now, almost twenty years after he has lain in the grave, are still pale and young, and full of labors. Mr. Moscheles is somewhat stooping, but his eye is full of fire, his step firm and young, his mind vivacious and active. He must ten years ago have been a man of noble presence. Mrs. Moscheles is gracious in manner, yet dignified and composed.

She assented most willingly to my proposition that she should prepare a volume of recollections of Mendelssohn, illustrated and accompanied by the numerous letters which she and her husband received from him, many, many score in number. These never have been seen by the brother Paul, and will be all new and fresh. She criticizes the selection which has been published, and thinks it a great pity that some trace of his delightful married life was not preserved in it. Mrs. Moscheles hopes to begin this volume in December and to spend the winter in its preparation. It will be read with the greatest interest by all musical people in England and America. It will be written in our own language by Mrs. Moscheles, who speaks English with the utmost ease and propriety.

In addition to this work, Mrs. Klingemann, her daughter-in-law, and the widow of Carl Klingemann the poet, Mendelssohn's dear friend, has partly promised an article for the "Atlantic," containing her recollections of Mendelssohn in England. In addition to this, Carl Mendelssohn, the son, who is a private docent in Heidelberg University, has begun to write a full biography of his father, but that will be a work not executed in a single winter, owing to the immediate demands made upon him in the preparation of his University Lectures. So out of the publication of the letters from Switzerland and Italy, a fine literature is already growing. I have never thought for a moment that my little work, based on Lampadius, would be more than a stepping stone to something more full and complete; and the American people must take it for just what it pretends to be, the *only existing* life of the great composer, and therefore amenable to none of those laws by which Mrs. Moscheles's or Carl Mendelssohn's work will be tested.

Those who have read Lampadius's Life of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, may be glad to learn that efforts are now making to discover the letters which he wrote from Rome to Goethe. They are supposed to be at Vienna, and if discovered will be found to be superior, it would seem, probably to any others that he ever wrote.

Some may have noticed the allusion in the last pages of Lampadius's Life to a lady who was the finest interpreter of Mendelssohn's songs while he lived, and one of the chief mourners. It is stated in such a way as to pique the curiosity, and to create the suspicion that she was attached to him with an unwarrantable affection. Such, however, was not the case. The lady is now living in Leipzig; her name is Madame Freye, and she is the wife of a professor of law in the University. Her career has not only been a spotless one but a beautiful one. Not a particle of jealousy ever came between her and the wife of Mendelssohn, but she was recognized as a warm friend and unequalled interpreter of his songs. He used to say that no song was perfect till she had sung it. In her old age she is no less respected and honored, than she was admired and loved in her youth.

AGINDOS.

"Agindos" is in error in one or two particulars. The *seventieth* birthday of Moscheles was celebrated in May or June of last year; nor is he any more "at the head of music in Leipzig" than Reinecke or one or two others perhaps. We trust that Madame Freye (whose name is misspelled above) will live to a green "old age," but she has a goodly period to traverse first, unless her appearance much belied her four or five years since.

ORGAN OPENING. A new organ of remarkable power and beauty, built by the Messrs. Hook, was exhibited on the evening of the 3d inst., in the Church of the New Jerusalem. The specifications were prepared under the direction of Mr. George J. Webb, organist of the Church, and Mr. J. H. Willcox, and it is a very complete, thoroughly finished and effective instrument, having 41 speaking stops, 6 of them of 16 feet, six in the pedal, many of them of rare beauty and individuality. In many respects it seemed to us the finest organ which the Messrs. Hook have yet produced, and certainly of great power for its size. It was tested to the satisfaction of the church full of visitors by Messrs. PAINE and WILLCOX; the former playing a grand Prelude in E flat by Bach,

the Sonata in E minor by Ritter, and (of his own composition) a Caprice in D, and a "Religious Offering"; the latter an Andante by Mozart, a couple of "improvisations" for showing the stops, the "Zanetta" overture and the Hallelujah Chorus. From the description of the Organ furnished by the builders, we learn:

The scales of all the pipes are drawn according to strictly mathematical proportions, not only in each individual "register" but throughout the whole Organ. The unusual number of "mechanical registers," operated by the feet (sometimes called "Composition Pedals"), is another marked and important feature in this instrument. They are seven in number, of great utility, and are singularly perfect and silent in their operation.

The metal of which the pipes are made is such as would ensure the most desirable quality of tone from the various "stops," some of which are of "pure tin," others of 75 and 50, while none are less than "33 per cent tin," except the largest pipes, which are of zinc.

Every "stop" extends throughout the entire compass of the "key board"; there is not one incomplete "register" in the Organ—a fact worthy of mention, and one which has not received heretofore sufficient consideration from either American or English builders. Among the "stops" of recent introduction into this country may be mentioned the "Violone," 16 ft. "Viola da Gamba," "Vox Humana," "Flauto Traverso," "Salicional," "Dolec," "Doppel Flöte," and "Hohlpfeife." There is, with one single exception, no quality of tone known in organ-building which is not represented in this instrument.

LIST OF STOPS AND PIPES.

GREAT MANUAL.

1. Open Diapason,	16 feet	68 pipes.
2. Open Diapason,	8 "	58 "
3. Viola Da Gamba,	8 "	58 "
4. Doppel Flöte,	8 "	58 "
5. Melodia,	8 "	58 "
6. Hobipfeife,	4 "	58 "
7. Octave,	4 "	58 "
8. Twelfth,	2 2-3	58 "
9. Fifteenth,	2 ft	58 "
10. Cornet,	5 1-3	216 "
11. Mixture,	1 3-5	174 "
12. Acuts,	1 2-3	116 "
13. Trumpet,	8 "	58 "
14. Clarion,	4 "	58 "

SWELL MANUAL.

15. Bourdon Bass,	16 feet	58 pipes.
16. Bourdon Treble,	16 "	58 "
17. Open Diapason,	8 "	58 "
18. Salicional,	8 "	58 "
19. Viol D'Amour,	4 "	58 "
20. Stopped Diapason,	8 "	58 "
21. Flute Harmonique,	4 "	58 "
22. Octave,	4 "	58 "
23. Fifteenth,	2 "	58 "
24. Mixture,	1 1-2 "	174 "
25. Cornopean,	8 "	58 "
26. Choe,	8 "	58 "
27. Vox Humana,	8 "	58 "

CHOIR MANUAL.

28. Open Diapason,	8 feet.	58 pipes.
29. Keraulophon,	8 "	58 "
30. Stopped Diapason,	8 "	58 "
31. Dolce,	8 "	58 "
32. Flauto Traverso,	4 "	58 "
33. Octave,	4 "	58 "
34. Piccolo,	2 "	58 "
35. Clarinet,	8 "	58 "

PEDALE.

36. Open Diapason,	16 feet.	27 pipes.
37. Violone,	16 "	27 "
38. Bourdon,	16 "	27 "
39. Octave,	8 "	27 "
40. Violoncello,	8 "	27 "
41. Positane,	16 "	27 "

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

42. "Swell" to "Great" Coupler.		
43. "Choir" to "Great"		
44. "Swell" to "Choir"		
45. "Great" to "Pedale"		
46. "Choir" to "Pedale"		
47. "Swell" to "Pedale"		
48. Tremulant (Swell).		
49. Bellows Signal.		
50. Pedal Check.		

COMPOSITION PEDALS.

1. Brings out all the Stops of the Great Manual.		
2. Brings out Stops from Nos. 1 to 9 inclusive, and takes in all others.		
3. Brings out Stops Nos. 2, 4, and 5, and takes in all others.		
4. Forte, "Swell"		
5. Piano "Swell"		
6. Piano and Forte, "Pedale" (double-acting).		
7. Pedal operating "Great to Pedale" Coupler.		

The Organ is situated in the Gallery at the west end of the Church, showing stained windows at each side and in the centre, between the two main divisions, which combine with the pointed pediments, spires, Gothic tracery, and richly ornamented pipes, to give a beautiful, picturesque, and unique appearance.

The total height of the Organ is nearly 40 feet; width, 21 feet; and depth, 12 1-2 feet.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Autumn. (Herbstlied.) Song. Mendelssohn. 50

A noble song, expressing the sombre influences of the days of the fall of the leaf upon the imagination and heart, with a vein of consolation, like bright autumn sunshine, running through the whole.

Acushla gal mochree. Song in "Arrah na Po-gue." C. Koppitz. 30

A pretty ballad, somewhat above the average of Irish songs, so many of which are good. "Acushla gal mochree," means "O bright pulse of my heart."

Melville Castle. Old Scotch Ballad.

Mrs. Campbell. 30

These things are sung in one generation, laid aside, and then come out, bright as ever, in the next quarter century. How many readers of this ever sang Melville Castle? Well, here it is, as full of music and dry Scotch fun as ever.

Hark, how still. (Stiller Sicherheit.) R. Franz. 30

Still security, which is the literal translation of the German title, does not sound as well as in the original. But the piece is very sweet and quiet. As in other pieces, Franz makes out a simple, almost child-like idea, with masterly skill in his harmony, yet not forgetting the simplicity.

Trust in God. Quartet. L. H. Southard. 40

One more of Mr. S.'s excellent series. Others have been already noticed.

Instrumental.

Reconnaissance. Waltz for Piano. W. F. Spicer. 30

A very graceful and original production, by a gallant officer in the navy.

Grand Air. Paraphrase No. 3. "L'Africaine."

A. Jaell. 50

In these Paraphrases, Jaell adds considerably to the effect of the original, by his brilliant arrangement. Difficult, but not extremely so.

Lord Dundreary Polka. D. Spillane. 30

Nothing at all dreary about the polka, whatever there might have been about his lordship. Easy and pretty.

Polonaise in Ab major. Op. 53. Chopin. 1.25

A wild and strange affair, pervaded with the gifts of Pole's extraordinary genius and invention.

Mary Bell Waltz. J. W. Turner. 30

Patchwork. A medley quadrille. W. A. Field. 30

Pretty, and not difficult pieces. For persons who cannot execute the more difficult compositions for piano, these fresh and sprightly pieces, which do not tax one's powers greatly, are just the thing.

Sul Mare. (On the Sea.) Barcarolla. W. Kuhe. 40

La Belle Blondine. C. F. Shuster. 40

Pieces of medium difficulty, by good composers.

Farewell. (Scheidegruisse.) Romance for Piano.

A. Jungman. 40

Of the character of a "Song without words," and should be played with strict regard to expression. Quite easy, but with a rich melody.

Books.

CHORUSES OF ELI. \$1.00

" " JUDAS MACCABEUS. 1.00

Musical societies and large choirs should bear in mind, that the choruses of these, and of all the other Oratorios in general use, are published separately, and will do excellently well for practice, even for those who do not wish to give a public performance.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

